

The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Demet. Then why should hee dispaire that knowes to  
With words, faire lookes, & liberality. (court it)

What hast not thou full often strooke a Doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch, or so  
Would serue your turnes.

Chiron. I so the turne were serued.

Demet. Aron thou hast hit it.

Moore. Would you had hit it too,  
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.  
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,  
To square for this: would it offend you then  
That both should speede.

Chiron. Faith not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,  
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe  
That you affect, and so must you resolute,  
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may:  
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste  
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bascianus* loue.

A speedier course this lingring languishment  
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:  
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,  
There will the louely Romaine Ladies troope:  
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,  
And many vnfrequented plots there are,  
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:

Single you thither then this daintie Doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words,  
Thys way or riot at all, stand you in hope.  
Come, come, our Empreffe with her sacred wit

To

of *Titus Andronicus*.

To villanie and vengeance consecrate,  
Vill we acquaint with all that we intend,  
And she shall file our engines with aduise,  
That will not suffer you to square your selues,  
But to your wishes hight aduance you both.  
The Emperours court is like the house of fame,  
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, and eares:  
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:  
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes,  
There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,  
And reuell in *Lavinias* treasure.

Chiron. Thy counsell lad smells of no cowardize.

Demetrius. Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the streame,  
To coole this heate, a charme to calme these fits,  
*Per Stigia, per manes Vebor.* Exeunt.

Enter *Titus Andronicus* and his three sonnes,  
making a noyse with hounds & hornes.

Titus. The hunt is vp, the Moone is bright and gray,  
The fieldes are fragrant, and the woods are greene,  
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,  
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,  
And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peale,  
That all the court may eccho with the noyse.  
Sonnes, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the Emperours person carefully:  
I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.

Heere a cry of Houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then  
enter *Saturninus*, *Tamora*, *Bascianus*, *Lavinia*, *Chiron*,  
*Demetrius*, and their Attendants.

Titus. Many good morrowes to your matchles,  
Madame to you as many, and as good.  
I promised your Grace a Hunters peale,

*Saturn.*